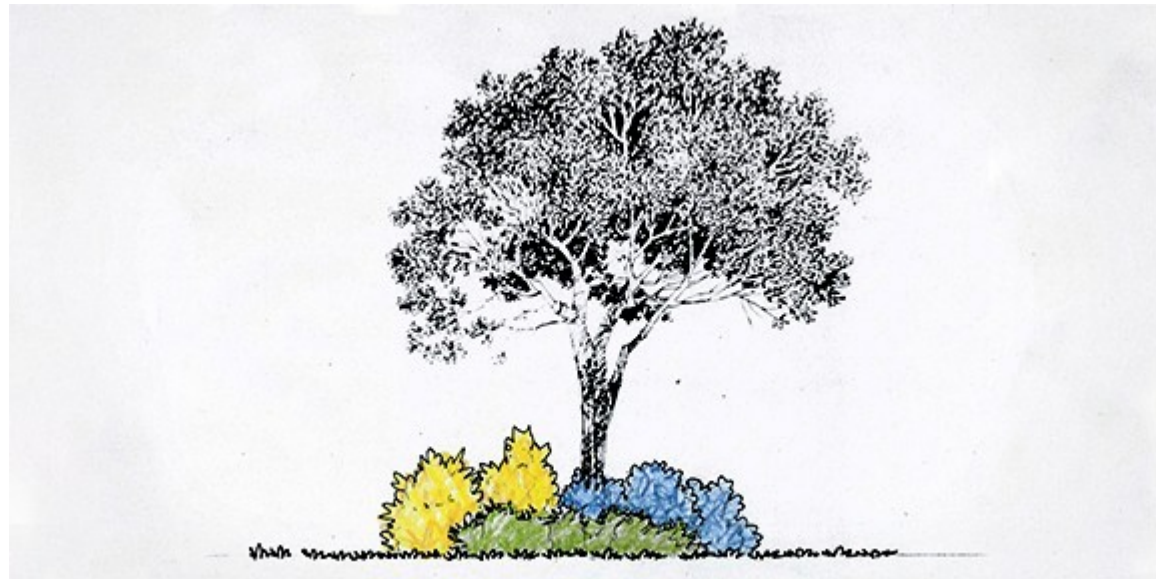


I Love To Tell The Story.....



“For you shall go out in joy
and be led forth in peace;
the mountains and the hills before you
shall break forth into singing,
and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.” [Isa 55:12 ESV]



Photograph: courtesy Arbor Day Foundation



A tiny seed fell to the ground and looked pretty lifeless lying there; sun, moon, rain and wind came and went but the seed remained there. It looked worthless, not a thing of beauty either. And the soil and dead leafs played their part hiding it.



*But underneath it's rough layers exists life,
designed by the Great Architect of all things.
As time passed by, the seed died but
something beautiful was taking place inside.
Alas came the perfect time for it to lose its
own identity.....*



.....And lo and behold! a beautiful and mysterious shape, something whose colour turning shades of green, began to appear and it had roots too. Over the years it turned into a beautiful tree with lush green leafs.



As it was a sturdy tree, it sheltered tiny birds and insects from the elements- sun, rain and wind. And it bore fruits too, food for the helpless creatures. When it had reached it's full maturity, it was cut down into logs.



As it was the custom of those days, its family members were often fashioned as objects of punishment meted out to the despised of men. No human, whether young or old, would appreciate them; they were often treated as objects of scorn and contempt, deeply reviled.



But a beautiful destiny awaited our tree, its logs were fashioned to form a cross- a Cross for Someone to bear, a debt for Someone to repay, a penalty for the wickedness and violence no-one able to pay. Its man-made jagged surfaces, supported the bruised and bloodied body of Someone whose heart bled for His little ones.



Maybe, perhaps maybe, the seed that fell to the ground foreknew it's wonderful destiny- it would grow into a useful tree so useful that those who look unto Someone hung there, surely find shelter, acceptance and most of all eternal life.

*Whatever life's hurting-unknowns may throw at you,
Someone's already been there;
Perfectly understanding what its like
To be forsaken, to be turned away and to be despised.*

***“Truly, truly, I say to you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains alone;
but if it dies, it bears much fruit. John 12:24[NASB]***

.....'Twill Be My Theme In Glory,
To Tell The Old, Old Story
Of Jesus And His Love.

Tree Calling©

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